WITH THE RAMBLER

Fifty Years Ago Next Wednesday Abraham Lincoln Was Struck Down—A Trip Along the Trail of Booth and Herold—Story of the Crime and the Flight—The Rambler Covers the Ground Taken by the Assassins and Discovers Many Points of Interest.

DR. MUDD'S HOUSE TODAY.

THE fiftieth anniversary of the assassination of Abriham Lincoln, which will fall Wednesday, April 14—the time of the great tragedy having been Friday night, April 14, 1865—will revive memories of a crime which profoundly moved the nation, excited the people of Washington in an extreme degree and peculiarly affected the people of that part of Maryland which lies south of Washington between the Potomac and Patuxent rivers and the bay.

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After four years of heartbreak, peace or virtual peace had come—a relief to the vanquished, as well as to the victor. The north was in a state of elation, the south almost in a state of resignation. At that moment of comparative calm the central figure of the civil war period and a master character in the history of all time was murdered in the most sensational manner which a harebrained, vainglorious, yet talented actor could devise.

His crime removed a man whose sympathy and understanding were kindly and broad enough to hold out a helping hand to the ruined millions of the south, and that crime cast an evil shadow over the beaten section and gave to certain vengeful and unrelenting partisans of the north a new argument for hatred of the south.

The murder, the chase of John Wilkes Booth and David Herold, the efforts to probe the assassination conspiracy, the trial by military commission of persons charged with complicity in the crime and the quadruple hanging in the Arsenal grounds were chapters in a dark drama which touched at many points a large number of people in the District of Columbia and the counties of Prince George and Charles, in Maryland, and to some extent the people of St. Marys county and those in the Virginia counties of King George and Caroline.

The country to the south of Washington holds many landmarks of the flight of Booth and Herold. The flight-route of these men led along Pennsylvania avenue east of the Capitol, down 11th street, across the Navy Yard bridge, through a part of Anacostia to Good Hope and then along what was called the old T. B. road by Silver Hill, Redd's Corner, Surrattsville, and T. B. to the point where that road crosses Mattawoman swamp.

Thence their way lay along the road which leads by St. Peter's Church to the home of Dr. Samuel A. Mudd. Their way then lay across Zachia swamp to the farm of Samuel Cox, on whose place in a thicket of pines they were concealed for a week. The route they followed from Dr. Mudd's to the Cox farm is not traceable. They seem to have lost their way and to have wandered around until a colored man—Oswald, or "Ozie," Swann—showed them the way to the Cox place.

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From the Cox pines, in which they were fed by Thomas Jones who, during the war had been a Confederate agent at Pope's creek, they were guided by Jones to his place, called Huckleberry, two miles north of Pope's creek. Near there, at a lonely place called Dent's, or Ware's meadow, Jones put them in his fishing boat and directed them to steer for the mouth of Machodoc creek, in King George county, Va.

Near the mouth of Machodoc creek they were to go to the house of Mrs. Quesenberry, close to which had been operated a Confederate signal station in connection with Jones' place at Pope's creek. On the night that they shoved off from the shore of Dent's meadow they did not get across the Potomac, the flood tide carrying them so far up the river that they landed again in Maryland, near Maryland point, close to a place called Nanjemoy Store.

They lay hidden in the woods during the day, but got across the next night to Mrs. Quesenberry's. There they were hidden in the woods by two Maryland men, said by Jones to have been Thomas H. Harbin, his brother-in-law, and a man named Joseph Badden. From that place a King George county man named Boyan guided them to the home of Dr. Richard Stuart, who refused to receive the strangers in his house, suspecting them, but giving them shelter and food in an outbuilding.

When they set out again it was to cross the Rappahannock by Rollins ferry, between Port Conway and Port Royal, and thence on to the farm of Richard H. Garrett. They found shelter in a tobacco barn on that farm and there Herold was captured and Booth killed by a detachment of the 16th New York Cavalry, which had been sent from Washington.

The murder was committed Friday night. About midnight they reached Surrattsville, where they made a stop at the old Surratt Tavern, then rented and kept by John M. Lloyd. They took two carbines with ammunition, which had been concealed there for some time and drank some whisky.

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Soon after dawn Saturday they appeared at Dr. Mudd's. Booth, after shooting the President at Ford's Theater during the presentation by Laura Keene and her company of the comedy, "Our American Cousin," leaped from the President's box to the stage. His spur caught in a flag belonging to the Treasury Guard, with which the front of the box was draped, and he fell heavily on one foot and fractured an ankle.

With this injury he rushed through the stage part of the theater to the alley in the rear, mounted a horse which he had hired from James Pumphrey, who at that time and for many years after, kept a livery stable on C street, back of the National Hotel, at which Booth boarded, and took up his flight. Arriving at Dr. Mudd's, Booth and Herold told the doctor that Booth's horse had thrown him.

Dr. Mudd took in the travelers, put Booth to bed, cut the boot off his swollen foot and ankle, threw it under the bed, where it was later found by searchers, and reduced the fracture. There was no telegraph or railroad in that part of the country then and news of the murder had not reached there.

That afternoon, which was Saturday, Dr. Mudd rode out in the direction of Bryantown to visit patients and learned that the President had been assassinated the night before, that the murderer, it was believed, had fled that way and that cavalry was at Bryantown and was scouring the country. Dr. Mudd rode back to his house and found that the two strangers had left.

It was late Saturday night or early in the morning of Sunday that, with the help of Ozie Swann, they reached the farm of Samuel Cox, the name of which was Rich Hill. Cox and the foreman of his place, Frank Robey, pointed out to the travelers whom they suspected—the whole countryside then knowing of the murder—a dense piece of pine land on the farm, but at some distance from the house.

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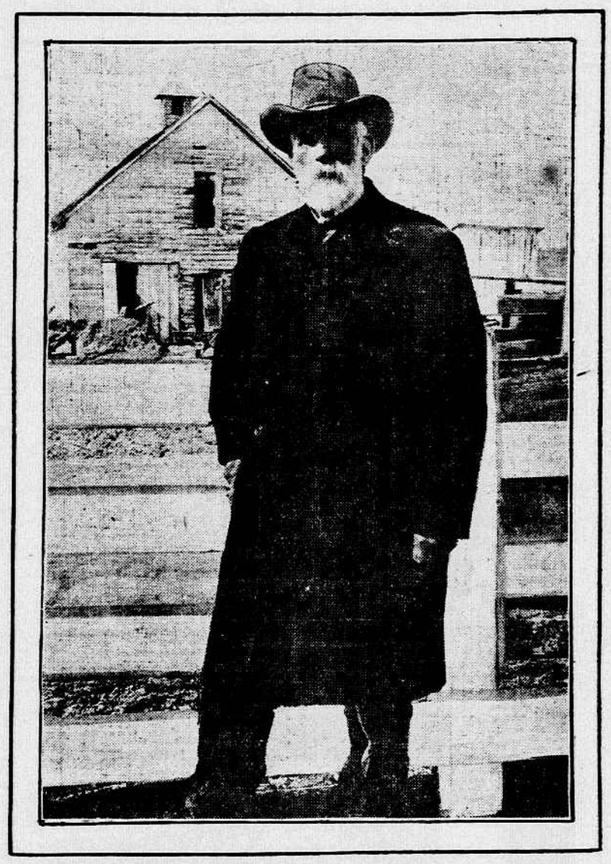
Cox sent his son Sam to Huckleberry to tell Jones to come over. Jones came, talked with the men in the pines—they having shot their horses in a marsh close by—and, learning that they wanted to be put across to Virginia secretly, agreed to do it on the first favorable night. He had a pretty shrewd suspicion who the men were. He brought them food daily and on the following Friday night called for them to follow him to the river, a mile or so away.

Friday night Booth and Herold set out in Jones' fishing boat and toward morning landed near Maryland point, still on the Maryland side. Saturday night they crossed to Mrs. Quesenberry's. Sunday was spent in the woods near the mouth of Machodoc creek. Monday, under the guidance of Boyan, the fugitives traveled across King George county, and Monday evening they crossed the Rappahannock with Rollins the ferryman.

Monday night they found shelter in Garrett's tobacco barn. At dawn Tuesday morning the barn was surrounded. Herold surrendered, putting his hands out of the door. He was seized by troopers and dragged forth. Booth refused to surrender. A match was struck to hay in one corner of the barn, which was a rickety structure full of cracks. The inside of the barn being lighted with flames, a man, resting on a crutch and holding a carbine in his hands could be seen.

Boston Corbett, a sergeant in the 16th Cavalry, seeing this man and believing that Booth was about to shoot at officers who stood near the door at the opposite side of the barn, fired his carbine at Booth, the ball striking at the base of the fugitive's skull. He fell. Officers and men rushed in, dragged him out and laid him on the grass in front of the barn. He was unconscious. They then removed him to the porch of Garrett's house, about 100 yards away, and summoned a doctor. Booth died at 7 o'clock, two hours after being shot.

The body was wrapped in the blanket of one of the troopers, tied to a plank by ropes, and taken by wagon back over the Rappahannock ferry and again across King George to the Potomac at Belle Plains, an old landing place about forty miles below Washington. Herold, wounded, was with the party. At Belle Plains the party boarded the steamboat John S. Ide.



J. W. WHEATLEY, WHO OWNS AND LIVES IN THE OLD SURRATT HOUSE.

At Alexandria a government tug met the Ide and Booth's body and Herold were transferred. The tug proceeded to the navy yard, where Herold was put in the hold of the monitor Montauk and Booth's body laid on the deck. About midnight an autopsy was performed by army surgeons, after which the body was taken in a small boat to the Washington penitentiary, which stood in the Arsenal grounds—or the grounds of Washington barracks.

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The body was put in a pine gun box, the stones of a cell pavement on the ground floor were taken up, a grave dug, the body laid away and the stones replaced. In February, 1869, Edwin Booth obtained from President Johnson a permit to remove the remains of his brother, and in March of that year the bones were taken up and reburied in the Booth family lot in Greenmount cemetery, Baltimore. A family monument stands in that lot, but there is no marker at the mound under which the bones of Booth lie.

The Rambler at various times has traveled over all the ground of the Booth flight and has known many of the people who had first-hand knowledge of the incidents of the flight. Most of these persons are in their graves, but their children and grandchildren are numerous in Washington and in southern Maryland.

The Navy Yard bridge, which Booth and Herold crossed less than half an hour after the murder, was a wooden bridge on piles and was not high above the water. The first bridge was built there in 1820 by the Navy Yard Bridge Company. In the course of years it was considerably renewed. In 1861 it was found to weak to bear the weight of guns, Washington and the fortifications on the Anacostia hills and the cavalry depot at Giesboro and it was virtually rebuilt.

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About 1878 it was superseded by the stone pier and iron truss bridge, which gave way to the present shorter, higher and costlier bridge. At the Anacostia end of the old bridge, close to the Baltimore and Ohio branch railroad, is a small brick dwelling. It antedates the war and during the war it was a tavern, kept by a man named Duvall. Turning to the left near the bridge end, Booth and Herold followed the road to Good Hope—a road that is now called Harrison street.

Good Hope, which was a little hamlet at the beginning of the war, became quite a settlement during the war in consequence of the garrisons in the nearby forts and because of the refugees, runaway slaves and emancipated slaves who settled close by the Union troops along the Anacostia line of fortifications, just as they did along the Arlington line of forts. Good Hope today is a small cluster of stores and dwellings.

At Good Hope the fugitives turned to the right on what was the Hamilton road, but is now Alabama avenue. The settlement of Garfield spreads itself over a wide tract in this locality. A few rods southwest from Good Hope there is a road to the left which turns down hill following the side of a ravine which opens into the valley of Oxon run. It is now called Walker road. That is the way Booth and Herold went.

SURRATT TAVERN AT SURRATTSVILLE, AS IT IS TODAY.

Along this road and before coming to Oxon run you cross the southeast boundary of the District and then begins the Maryland end of the old road leading to Silver Hill, Surrattsville, T. B. and the settlements throughout southern Maryland. This is the road which Booth followed from the District line to the south side of Mattawoman creek, about eighteen miles. It is now a state road and is much used by Washington automobilists between Washington and Benedict, on the Patuxent, or between Washington and La Plata, the seat of Charles county. The grades have been reduced by cutting through the crest of the hills and filling across the vales.

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The roadbed is as hard and smooth as a city street. The road crosses the valleys of Oxon run, Henson branch, Tinker's run and Piscataway creek and numerous smaller branches, which flow into the Potomac. The valleys through which these streams run generally have steep sides, so that before road improvement set in a few years ago, and when Booth and Herold galloped over this road during the hours of late night and early morn after the murder, it was a succession of long, steep hills.

The names of some of the hills on that road—Brook's, Swann's, Soper's and Middleton's—are known by those names still, and members of the families which gave them their names live in the old houses by the way. Streams that Booth and Herold forded now pass under the road through cement culverts. For long distances the road passes through woods and pines, and where it passes through cleared land the pines and woods are not far away on the right and left.

Three miles from the Eastern branch you come to Silver Hill. There was a smithy and a dwelling there in 1865. There are a few dwellings strung along the road and a smithy is there today. The Rambler has asked old men in that neighborhood why the place is called Silver Hill. It is high level land and no hill is in sight. Of course there is no silver, except, perhaps, some small pocket change or tableware.

One old-timer tried to justify the name by telling the Rambler that there was a tradition that when the country was being surveyed for an English lord, that distinguished man, who seems to have been present during the survey, lost a silver shoe buckle and from that slight incident the place was called Silver Hill.

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About seven miles farther on you come to Surrattsville. After the events which made Surrattsville notorious the postal authorities changed the name to Clinton, but everybody for miles around still calls the cross-road Surrattsville, or usually for the sake of brevity merely "surratts."

Mrs. Mary E. Surratt was born and reared near Waterloo, on Calvert's manor, in Prince Georges county. Her name was Mary Jenkins. She was sent to an academy in Alexandria. After a period of belleship in Prince Georges county she was married in 1825 to John Surratt, and the couple settled in the District of Columbia, near what is now Congress Heights. They took over a mill at the crossing of what is the Livingston road and Oxon run. The mill was later called Condin's mill. No vestige of it remains, though a few years ago the millstones could be seen among his old friends. He died in 1883 and sleeps in the cemetery of St. Mary's Church near Bryantown. His widow survived until 1911, and she now rests by his side.

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Dr. Mudd's son, whose name is also Samuel A., lives in the old home with his wife and a family of fine children. Miss Lucile and Miss Christine were at home when the Rambler stopped in and they were full of information about their grandparents. An older sister of Lucile and Christine attends school at Surrattsville.

Mr. and Mrs. Mudd with some more of the children were at the farm of a relative when the Rambler made the accompanying photograph. The life of Dr. Mudd was written a good many years ago by his daughter Nettie, who now lives in Baltimore.

The Pope's Creek line of railroad, which was built about 1873, runs through the Cox farm of Rich Hill and there is a little station called Cox's. Col. Samuel Cox, who lived there when Booth and Herold appeared, is dead. His adopted son Sam, who went to bring Jones over from Huckleberry, is dead, but his daughter lives. She is Mrs. Chappalear, wife of the clerk of the county of Charles.

Jones died a few years ago. His son was a blacksmith and operated a shop not far from the old home, but on this trip the Rambler did not learn what had become of him. Dent meadow is still in possession of the Dent family. Frank Robey, who with Col. Cox pointed out the hiding place in the pines, is dead, but his kin are living all through Charles county. Oswald Swann, who guided Booth and Herold to the Cox place and out of Zachia swamp, is dead, but his son Ozie is chopping pulp wood for a contractor named Beale.

The landscape has not changed much in that part of the country. There is more pineland than there used to be, but this pine, being of value for wood pulp, is being cleared away.

The Rambler on this trip missed seeing one of his old friends, Dr. Hurtt at Piscataway and Dr. Joseph Blandford, who lives on the ridge above Piscataway creek, between Surrattsville and T. B. Both of those gentlemen know a great many of the principals as well as the minor characters in those chapters of the Lincoln tragedy which directly concerned southern Maryland.

WIFE OF REPRESENTATIVE FROM CALIFORNIA IS AN OUT-OF-DOORS ENTHUSIAST

Mrs. Joseph R. Knowland Enjoys Life in the Open—She Swims and Motors—Her Five-Acre Garden Is Her Very Own—Has Perfected an Irrigation System for It—A Clubwoman.

SWIMMING, motoring and gardening are the favorite pastimes of Mrs. Joseph R. Knowland, wife of Representative Knowland of California, but this is not to be wondered at, for living as she does in the pleasant land of California such fancies may be encouraged because they always meet with more than ordinary success.

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There the swimming season is year round; the roads form one of the most famous auto routes in the country and the gardens flourish and bloom simply for the planting.

Mrs. Knowland's home in Alameda is one of the show places of the state, and it is here that she has indulged her gardening proclivities to the greatest extent. Her house is of the colonial style of architecture, fashioned after the mansions of her native Virginia. Its contrast to the surrounding bungalows of mission type is startling. Set, as it is, in the midst of a five-acre garden, the effect is unusually beautiful in a country that is famed for its loveliness.

Here the towns of Oakland, Berkeley and Alameda come together—one barely realizes where one begins and the other ends—and all overlook the bay and city of San Francisco.

Every bit of the five-acre garden was planned by Mrs. Knowland, and though it is but lately completed she is continuing to study landscape architecture and gardening with a view toward perfecting it according to the latest authorities on the subject.

"There is much to learn," she said, "when gardening in California, for there the seasons are reversed, and in the summer months, beginning with June, everything turns brown and it is a problem to keep the grass green. I have perfected an irrigation system of piping that covers my entire lawn. I have planned my land in such a way that there is simply a stretch of unbroken lawn between the house and roadway. After I worked out the problem of caring for this I turned my attention to the garden, which I placed behind the house screened from public gaze.

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"This is my real garden. It is inclosed with a trellis wall at least eight feet high covered with climbing roses. When this is in bloom the effect is beautiful. Roses grow so rapidly in California that it is possible to cover such a wall in a remarkably short time.

"I am planning now quite an extensive rookery, but the objective point of my garden is a central fountain to which all of the white graveled walks lead. There is to be a lily pond in connection with the fountain, but of course these details suggest themselves gradually and everything is not completed at once. That is really half the pleasure of gardening, for a real garden grows like any other work of art.

"So many California people," declared Mrs. Knowland, "are building Japanese gardens for themselves nowadays, and they are truly fascinating with little tea houses and bridges; but I had to forego the pleasure of one of these because it would not have been in keeping with the colonial atmosphere that I wish to create in my place.

"I am very much attached to this house in Alameda, aside from its beauty. I have transplanted the elements of my girlhood environment to that wonderful setting of California, and the experiment has more than rewarded me. There are so many things to appeal to one. For instance, we can stand on our porch at night and see in the distance the lights of the city of San Francisco, gleaming like a fairyland. What a wonderful sight this is—the bay in the distance and the luminous city lying there in the dark blue of the California night.

"I drive my own motor out there, for, indeed, this is the greatest pleasure of automobiling. In Washington I drive a closed coupe on account of the cold and rain, but at home one uses an open car, and the new state roads running from one end of the state to the other are the most inviting I know; and I speak from experience, for I have motored and visited in every state in the Union.

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"One passes town after town and always the country is beautiful. The roads are bordered with palms and shade trees and all along the route are interesting tea houses where merry-making parties may gather.

"At present, of course, everything in California leads to the expositions, and well may they deserve interest, for the beauty alone is extraordinary. To me the most interesting thing about the California expositions is the fact that it was possible to beautify the grounds to such a surprising extent in such a short time.

"Every one doubtless remembers that in the case of the other expositions—the St. Louis one, for example—the site was selected and the buildings erected and everything was counted to be in readiness. Not so in California. Here large shade trees were transplanted, stretches of lawn made green with grass and buildings covered with roses. The gardens are indeed the piece de resistance of the exposition.

"The plazas are bordered with trees, so there need be no walking about on sunny roadways. I have seen them transplanting six-year-old trees in the exposition grounds. The effect is therefore one of statelliness and dignity. The exposition does not appear to be merely a mushroom growth that has sprung up in the night.

"At San Diego one finds an exposition built on the side of a canyon. The houses in San Diego have canyons for back yards, and it is true that the buildings of the exposition are terraced one above the other."

Mrs. Knowland has traveled extensively in the states and the West Indies. She plans to spend the summer in Alameda to enjoy her home, for there lies her greatest interest. She has lately transported much of her family mahogany and antique furniture from Virginia to California, and hopes to completely furnish two or three rooms in colonial fashion.

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"It amuses me," she said, "to see some women collecting antique furniture. They get one or two pieces and completely spoil their effect by placing them in a room with furniture of modern lines and style. Antique furniture to be truly beautiful requires the proper setting and the entire room to itself. That is what constituted the beauty of our grandmothers' homes. They did not mix up their furniture."

MRS. JOSEPH R. KNOWLAND OF CALIFORNIA.

Mrs. Knowland is a finely cultured woman, with a knack of ferreting out the striking element of a situation and bringing to her experiences a new point of view. From her conversation one gleans that she has a constantly glowing spark of originality, which is tempered with good sense, so that it never lapses into the bizarre.

She is tall and fair, a real daughter of the south, with a slight vestige of southern accent apparent in her voice. Before her marriage she was Miss Emelyn West of Virginia. Her three children, Eleanor, Russel and Billie, are charming little persons, and have been with their mother and father during the whole of the recent long terms of Congress. Little Billie is a great student of history, and follows with veteran interest the moves of the armies of Europe. Mrs. Knowland confesses that he keeps her posted on the current news of the war, and knows more about it than she does.

During last winter Mrs. Knowland was active in club work in Washington, especially in the Congressional Club where she served as chairman of the committee on entertainment. She is a member of a number of clubs in California, and feels that eastern women have much to learn from their western sisters in the matter of club life.

"Clubs for women," she said, "have reached their zenith in California. There every woman belongs to at least one club, be it student, social or charitable. The women own their own clubhouses, and the buildings are among the most beautiful in the state. Club life there is fascinating in all of its particulars, and seems to be on a par with the masculine club life of the east."

Sevres Porcelains.

THE manufacture of Sevres ware is one of the oldest and most characteristic arts of the French. The Sevres potteries have long been under the direct control and patronage of the govenment, and are in receipt of an annual subsidy.

A royal porcelain factory was first established at Vincennes in 1745, under Louis XV, and produced many notable pieces of ware, particularly bouquets. On one occasion, it is related, his majesty was the victim of a practical joke. One of the exceedingly lifelike bouquets having been placed in his greenhouse by Madame de Pompadour, the king, on his next visit to the place, stooped and, in all good faith, attempted to smell the rare exotic.

The factory was transferred from Vincennes to Sevres in 1756, since which date it has sent forth works of almost inestimable value. Porcelain pastes, colored by metallic oxides, have been compounded there which resist the action of the most fiery furnace; and the enamels and glazes have a marvelous transparency and luster.

Almost every tint which can be imparted to porcelain is here—white, turquoise, blue, all the greens, the delicate rose pink, which has received the name of "Du Barry," and even scarlet, one of the most difficult colors to retain under the intense heat of the baking furnaces.

Sevres porcelain has always been an expensive production, for the most skilled artists have been employed in its manufacture. Formerly the finest pieces were made solely for royalty, and were sold only by royal permission. The prices paid in modern times for some of these specimens have steadily increased until they have become startling.

THE LAST COUNCIL FIRE

ONE autumn day, about forty-three years ago, there was enacted in a log cabin in the Genesee valley, New York state, a scene remarkable for its picturesqueness and pathos. To understand the reason for the group of red men and white men gathered in that rude structure one must hark back to the coming of the first white men to America.

When the pioneers of European civilization landed in the new country they found in what is now called New York a wonderful federation of five Indian nations, holding absolute sway over that part of the country. This league was remarkable for its ties of organization and the wisdom of its unwritten laws. It was called ho-de-no-san-nee, the "people of the long house," likening the far-reaching confederacy to the form of their long bark dwellings, made to accommodate fifteen or twenty families. Of the tribes included in the league the Senecas were the most powerful. The Mohawks left the brotherhood at about the time of the revolution, and for more than seventy-five years were absent from the councils.

Long before the revolution the league held its councils in a log hut at Canea-dea. In 1826 the land on which the building stood was sold, the tribes were lessened and scattered and the structure was abandoned to ruin. In 1870 a prominent citizen had the cabin carefully removed, re-erected and restored, and in October, 1872, called a meeting of the remnants of the Five Nations and their white friends.

It was a curious and impressive occasion. Generation after generation of the red men had gathered on that same spot. Some of the descendants of the old chiefs were educated men, some were of the army, all were clad in full Indian costumes, buckskin garments, bright sashes, great necklaces and all gravely smoked their tomahawk pipes as one after another of the orators addressed the meeting. In the middle of the room on the ground floor burned the council fire.

"Brothers," said one speaker, "when the confederacy was formed the smoke rose so high that all nations saw and trembled. We are holding council perhaps for the last time. My heart says this is not a play or a pageant. It is a solemn reality to me, not a mockery of things which are passed and cannot return. Neh-hoh, this is all."

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It fell to old Samuel O'Bail Ho-way-no-ah, a fine old Seneca, in magnificent costume, to welcome back to the brotherhood the Mohawk representatives, who had been absent from the council for nearly a century. The Indian character is not emotional, yet as the aged man spoke tears rolled down his furrowed cheeks.

"Brothers, we are poor and weak. There are none to fear us, to court our influence. The council fire is little more than a heap of ashes, but the vacant seats of our brothers the Mohawks are filled again. Let us stir the dying embers that by their light we can see their faces once more. In token of buried enmity I extend my hand to my Mohawk brothers."

"It has been an occasion of solemn interest," said the last Indian speaker. Then turning to the white guests, he added: "You have grown in strength and greatness, while we have faded to a weak remnant. You who are sitting here today have seen the last of the Ho-de-no-san-nee. We have raked the ashes over the fire and closed the last council of our people in the valley of our fathers."